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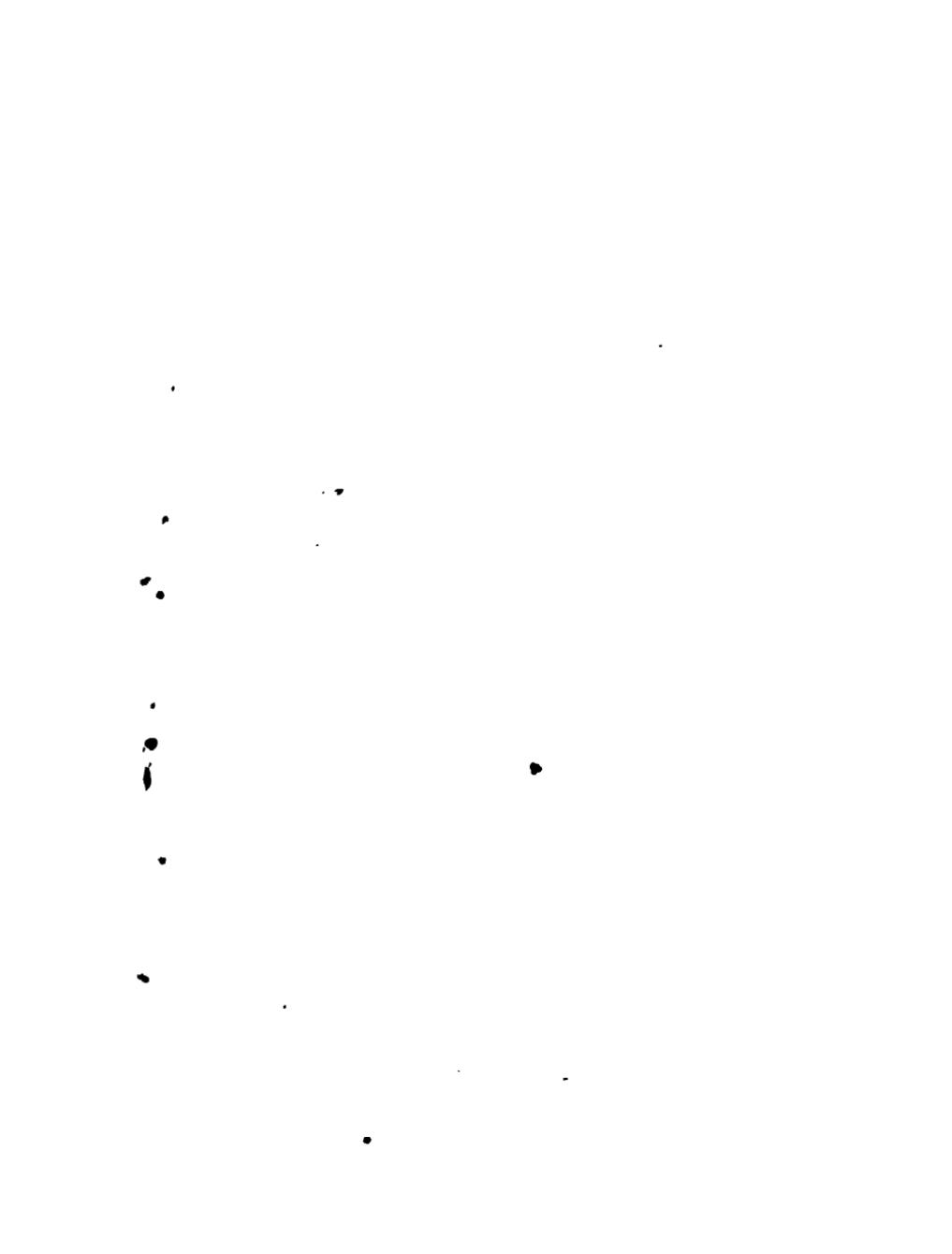
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COMBE FLOWERS



ILLUSTRATION



COMBE FLOWERS.



COMBE FLOWERS:

POEMS

BY

ANNE IRWIN.

'Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire,
'That's a' the learning I desire,
My Muse, tho' hamely in attire,
May touch the heart.'

Second Edition, revised.



LONDON: HATCHARDS, PICCADILLY
JOHN TAIT, ILFRACOMBE.

1879.

280 . 0 . 299 . ,

LONDON
Printed by JOHN STRANGEWAYS.
Castle St. Leicester Sq.

TO
HER FORMER MISTRESS
AND
EVER KIND FRIEND
MRS. ANNE ELINOR PREVOST,
THIS LITTLE VOLUME,
PUBLISHED AT HER SUGGESTION,
IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
BY
HER FAITHFULLY ATTACHED SERVANT,
ANNE IRWIN.

Neva House, Ilfracombe.



INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

THE writer of the following Poems—a native of the little hamlet of Slade, near Ilfracombe—belongs, as is implied in her Dedication, to the working class of society. She has had no education beyond that afforded by an exceptionally good village school* in childhood, and in later years by such indulgence of a strong natural taste for reading as the scant leisure of domestic service would allow. This, however, was, in Anne Irwin's case, made the most of by the fostering care of the family with whom the larger portion of her early years was passed. To the mental culture received under the roof of the late Mrs. General ELRINGTON, she gratefully attributes some of the happiest hours of her life.

The Poems themselves are, for the most part, the fruit of later years, and have all been written in intervals snatched from household work as simply,

* One of the many benefits bestowed on the neighbourhood by the practical, active benevolence, of the late Mrs. Ann Tyrrell, of Ilfracombe.

diligently, and effectively performed, as though the writer had not a thought beyond it. With a few trivial exceptions, the verses are printed precisely as she herself wrote, or, under friendly criticism, has subsequently revised them.

Some imperfections—such, for instance, as the limited range of ideas and subject, and an occasional defective rhyme or redundant syllable, perceptible to the educated ear—are but the natural result of the writer's circumstances, while her thoughts and language are often, we venture to think, so far above them, that to throw any suspicion upon that absolute genuineness of her compositions in these respects, of which we can now assure the reader, would have been but ill-compensated by the greater rhythmical perfection, which a few touches from a scholarly pen would, no doubt, easily have imparted to them.

It can hardly, however, be necessary to say that the contents of this little volume claim no rivalry with the productions of a higher cultivation. But it is the most gifted who are ever wont to look with most indulgence on the efforts of the less favoured,

‘For gently takes the gentleman what oft the clown
will scorn.’

And those whose own gardens are rich in all that Art in combination with Nature can furnish, may still

enjoy the primroses and bluebells of our western flowery combes, and find in the humblest flowers of their cottage gardens something to feed the mind with suggestions of quiet thought. For Lilies of the Valley abound in them, and the fragrant Lavender ; they have ' Rosemary, that's for remembrance,' and ' Pansies, that's for thoughts ;' and the eye rests on the sober purple of ' Honesty,' and the white ' Star of Bethlehem,' with its memories of the Holy Land, —that one foreign land which is as dear to the poor as to the rich, and the home of a poetry of wider influence than even the songs of Italy and Greece, the melody of the Songs of Zion.

As a wreath, then, of flowers from a west-country combe, we offer these poems to our friends, and to those visitors to Ilfracombe who may desire to carry away with them some memorial of a place which has afforded them health and refreshment. And they may, perchance, find in this little volume, not such memorials only, but also gratifying evidence that, quite apart from the cultivated art of verse-making, the poetic eye and feeling,—the insight that can read the parables underlying every page in Nature's book, —is no class privilege, but that among the toilers for their daily bread are some who can say, as truly as did S. T. Coleridge himself, that ' Poetry has been '

to them 'its own exceeding great reward,' and who can furnish illustration of the truth of Southey's remarks on the ethical value of much poetry which disclaims the notice of the critic.* For good thoughts and pure sentiments, clothed in words which please the ear, and take ready hold on the memory, are like the barbed seeds of some of our wayside flowers, which find for themselves fructifying place in the lightest soils.

May these simple verses sow such seed—and find such place in simple hearts.

ELIZABETH MARRIOTT.

ASHELDON COPSE, TORQUAY,

17th May, 1878.

* See Southey's *Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society*, vol. ii. pp. 398-9.

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IN THE CHURCHYARD, ILFRACOMBE,
31ST OCTOBER, 1878.

My father! when my little book went forth,
Accompanied by hope—misgivings—fear—
And kindly voices praised its simple worth,
And words of sweet approval met my ear,
Then rose the filial wish, mid sob and tear,
That some faint ray o'er this lov'd spot of earth
E'en I might shed, O father, lost and dear,
To gild the name of him who gave me birth.
Forgive, Belov'd! the foolish, transient thought,
Soon cast aside. Oh, rather let me try,
In thy meek faith and deep humility,
To walk the narrow way, till I have caught
Mild rays from thee. Beside such life and death,
All earthly praise seems but a passing breath.



COMBE FLOWERS.

—•••••

On the Death of the Prince Consort,

14TH DECEMBER, 1861.

Down from its lordly keep
The royal ensign droops,
Each flashing fold of crimson and gold
Low o'er the battlement floats ;
And a shadow falls on the stately walls
And the dreary castle moats.

Proud flag ! What humbles thee ?
What hand hath struck thee down ?
What daring foe hath laid thee low,
Emblem of Britain's crown ?
Whose guardian folds were wont to wave
O'er mast and tower and town.

Combe Flowers.

Not for an earthly foe
Our banner droops its crest,
Nor mortal's word nor conquering sword
Hath given the stern behest ;
But because the noblest heart is still
That beat in a royal breast.

Because in her desolate towers !
Our widowed Queen doth weep,
And the joyous tone of the land is gone,
And a mournful sound and deep
Hath struck on the listening nation's ear,
Roll'd on from steep to steep.

Because our chaplets now
Must be twin'd from the cypress tree,
And the muffled knell for the Christmas bell,
A dirge for the song of glee,
And a funeral wreath of sombre weeds
On the glittering crown must be

Because in our gloomiest hour,
When we needed its kindly ray,
The loftiest light on the beacon height
Hath pass'd from earth away,
And England droops her crimson flag
And mourns her Chief to-day.

‘ Died aged Six Months.’

MARCH 4TH, 1854

HENRY FENWICK ERLINGTON, Stokecource, Somerset.

A LITTLE grave, a little cross,
A wreath of early flowers,
Are the memorials of a loss
Which has been wholly ours.

The passer-by may note that grave,
And read the simple line ;
But none can know the loving bands
Which round that grave entwine.

For not a little form alone
Back to the dust we gave,
But prayers and blessings, hopes and smiles,
Are buried in that grave.

The joy that sprang with it to birth
Has with its spirit fled,
In dreams we murmur forth his name,
And memory whispers—Dead !

Combe Flowers.

The bud which promised perfect bloom,
Just came to smile and die ;
The star which rose to light our home,
Has sought a fairer sky.

And we live on, where daily care
And daily duties call,
But the little life has pass'd away,
And the bliss which brightened all.

O Father ! teach us to submit
To Thy Divine decree,
We should not murmur to commit
Our treasured one to Thee.

For as the bright-hued flowers unfold
To hail the coming Spring,
We know that he shall live again,—
A changed and glorious thing.

The Volunteer's Song.

Respectfully dedicated to ROBERT FENWICK ERLINGTON, Esq.,
aged six years, on his first appearance in the uniform of the
11th Devon Volunteer Artillery.

OUR ramparts are the silver waves
That circle round our land ;
Free, as the boundless sea that laves
Her shores, must England stand.

For this we swell the rising ranks,
For this we learn to fight,
To guard Old England's honour, laws,
Her liberty, and right.

If distant fields demand her troops,
No need to keep back one ;
She knows each low, each lofty roof,
Is guarded by its son.

She knows he best will shield the hearth
Whose heart from earliest years
Has centered there its youthful mirth,
Its manhood's hopes, and fears.

The wretch who wars unwillingly,
Whose blood-drops earth bedew,
A tyrant's purple robe to dye
With its imperial hue ;

No grateful country seeks his name
Her patriot list to swell,
He dies denouncing at the last
The cause for which he fell.

Not so the English Volunteer !
Should hostile armies come,
With terror shall the invader hear
The gathering cry of 'Home !'

Then, whilst the sparkling waters lave
Our sea-encircled land,
Free as the wild, unfettered wave,
God grant that England stand !

•

Sunset from the Capstone Hill.

SWEET sunset hour ! now wearied earth
Lies pillow'd on thy breast ;
And jarring sounds of daily birth
Are hush'd by thee to rest.
With rosy fingers, soft and light,
Thou draw'st the curtains of the night.

Yon sun—a mighty alchemist—
Is turning all to gold ;
And from the vales the wreathing mist
In purple light is rolled :
Far o'er the waves the seabirds roam,
Dipping their wings in silver foam.

I would the inmates of a cell—
The toilers in a mine—
Could lift their heavy gaze, and dwell
On beauty fair as thine ;
Till o'er and round the darken'd soul
A new sweet thrill of pleasure stole.

I would the weary hand and brain,
Wearied with counting o'er
Another's deftly-gotten gain,
His own, alas so poor !
I would he saw this sunset now,
And felt those breezes on his brow.

And children in whom want and pain
Have bitter memories stored ;
Whilst fields and flowers and woods remain
A region unexplored ;
I would these caves and rocks rang out
Glad echoes to their merry shout.

Fair scenes of loveliness ! that glow
Like nearer gleams of Heaven ;
Ye fain would smooth from every brow
The primal curse there graven.
The curse of toil and care and strife,
The greed of gold, the pride of life.

How futile seen by Heaven's calm light
Are all our cherished schemes !
Bubbles that burst when just in sight,
Vague unsubstantial dreams ;
Green gourds that promised noonday shade,
Yet 'neath the first fierce blast decayed.

O Thou ! whose hand alike sustains
Yon orbed fount of day,
And fragile flowers that gem the plains
Beneath his fervid ray ;
Glad Nature's secret may we see—
Of restful happy trust in Thee.

' So Run, that Ye may Obtain.'

ONWARD ! the prize is worth the race,
The victor's rest is sweet ;
To stand or loiter is disgrace,
To faint or fly, defeat.

Onward ! the sky is bright before,
But clouds loom dark behind,
And should the threat'ning deluge pour,
What shelter wilt thou find ?

Onward ! thy down-cast gaze to greet
A golden footprint gleams,
To guide thy weary, pilgrim feet,
With its all-glorious beams.

On ! in the earliest flush of morn,
The brightest hours are best ;
Depart ! the world's allurements scorn,
For this is not your rest.

On ! when the noon-day's burning hand,
Fevers thy throbbing brow,
The Rock that shades the weary land
Will be thy refuge now.

On ! till the twilight shadows fall :
At evening time 'tis light :
One struggle more to vanquish all,
With home and rest in sight.

Then, more than conqueror, turn and gaze
Upon the battle plain ;
See, traveller, 'mid yon 'wilderling maze,
Thy pilgrim path again.

See, warring in each deadly fray,
A mightier arm than thine ;
Still see along the upward way
Those golden footprints shine.

Oh, when the palm, the robe, the crown,
Are brought for thee to wear,
Still onward to thy Saviour's throne,
And lay thy trophies there.

To the East Wind.

THEY say thou bearest on thy wings
The curse of death ;
That germs of all unhealthy things
Are in thy breath ;

But yet, when surging to and fro,
'Mid crisp cold leaves,
Or when the freshen'd waters flow
Before thy breeze,

I love thee,—now in mad career
Down yon defile ;
Now floating past me, coldly fair,
As sculpture's smile.

When the soft listless south winds blow,
The keen stars wane :
But fanned by thee their watchfires glow
With brighter flame.

If northern tempests sweep the sky,
Thick gathering, black,
Thy gales defiant rush on high
And hurl them back.

But when the melting west breathes forth
 Her fragrant sighs,
And sunlit tears flow down to earth
 From her mild eyes,

Thou must to thine own clime return,
 Where fountains play,
And flowers Eden-hued adorn
 The gorgeous day.

There revel in the Orient light
 That round thee lies,
Rob odours from the fragrant night
 'Neath glitt'ring skies.

Lift up the foliage of the palm,
 Chase mists away,
And o'er the foul swamp's noxious calm
 Swift be thy way.

So when thou com'st on sounding wing,
 Let not pale Death,
Nor germ of any baneful thing,
 Be in thy breath.

On the Death of Mr. Blathwayt.

AGED 20.

Fifth son of Colonel BLATHWAYT, Dyrham Park, Gloucestershire,
killed by a fall from the Torrs, Ilfracombe, 16th June, 1859.

AH, treacherous hills! how beautiful ye seem,
With peaks uprear'd against the glowing skies;
On you the young moon sheds her earliest beam,
On you the latest sunset glory lies.

Above you, rich-piled heaps of molten gold,
Melt into tend'rer shades and lighter hues,
Amber and purple blending fold on fold,
Soft light in pure harmonious tints diffuse.

Set in the glowing heaven, there seems to me
The vacant throne of some great monarch fled,
Radiant with glittering gems, while floating free,
Its azure canopy bends overhead.

But what avails its beauty—now a gloom
Palls the rich colours of yon western sky,
As heavy shadows, from the sombre plume
Of Death's cold Angel, when he passes by.

Too well our boding spirits learn to trace
That dreaded cloud on skies we hail'd serene ;
Too well we see it in the still pale face
When the dark night of sorrow gathers in.

Ah ! not for thee the gradual decay,
The tardy suffering that pervades the frame,
And saps the energies of life away,
Slow as the taper's faint and flickering flame.

For thou wert as the young and vig'rous oak,
Whose glancing foliage hails the sultry morn,
Reckless of danger—yet the lightning stroke
Has left it blacken'd, shiver'd, and up-torn.

We sicken and grow pale at thy sad doom,
And yet, perchance, 'twere easier thus to die
Than drag through years of misery and gloom,
Till wearied sympathy forgets to sigh.

E'en cold and selfish hearts have felt for thee,
And milder ones their tearful tribute gave ;
Subdued and thoughtful, schoolboys hush'd their glee,
And strangers wept above the stranger's grave.

For me, when standing on those rugged hills,
And listening to the murmuring waves below,
Their mournful music through my spirit thrills,
They seem to chant thy requiem in their flow.

Oft as the sunset colours fringe the sky
I see again that heavy shadow loom,
Silent and sad I give the tear, the sigh—
Pale sorrow's offering to thy lonely tomb.

There gentle flowers their opening blossoms spread,
There sad submission's meekest words are graven,
All that bereaved hearts can say—is said :
‘Thy will be done on earth even as in Heaven.’

And when the stranger would thy story know,
The mournful tale the peasant oft shall tell,
And pitying tears from gentle eyes shall flow
Above the spot where youth and vigour fell.

'The Morning Cometh.'

Isa. xxi. 12.

THE morning cometh—oh ! how sweet
The first soft gleam of endless day,
With fainting heart and weary feet
We trod all night the lonely way.

The morning cometh—now we're sure
No lowering clouds henceforth can rise
From Sin's foul regions, to obscure
The Star of Promise to our eyes.

The morning cometh—those we lost
Amid the darkness so profound,
Ere half the dreary waste was crost,
Shall in its welcome light be found.

The morning cometh—every flower
That drooped around, in sad decay,
Shall rise to hail its dawning hour,
Touched by the warm reviving ray.

The morning cometh—never sigh
Again shall heave the troubled breast,
Nor gathering tears shall dim the eye,
Each longing spirit now is blest.

The morning cometh : See ! its light
Is streaming o'er the eternal hills,
From each reverberating height
The mighty Alleluia thrills.

The morning cometh—Judge and King !
Enthron'd amid Thy dazzling Host—
What ransom shall the captive bring ?
What deed shall be the sinner's boast ?

Incarnate Lord ! Redeemer ! Friend !
Yon lowly mount shall be our plea ;
Saved—ransomed—sealed Thine own, we bend
And hail the Cross of Calvary.

The Wish.

BURY me close to the old Church path,
The path which we often have trod,
Near to the gate where we hush'd the light laugh
Ere we enter'd the border of God ;
And look on my grave as you pass on your way
To the place where we met all together to pray.

There let the purple-rob'd violet bend,
'Neath the meadow-sweet fresh from the burn,
And the lily, the primrose, and buttercups blend
With the fronds of the feathery fern ;
For affection that language could never express
Hath dwelt in my heart for their loveliness.

I would not have it a dreary place,
Speaking of gloom and of woe,
Which the children would pass with averted face,
And shudder as onward they go ;
But a spot where the sleeping child might breathe
Without dream of the ashes and dust beneath.

Combe Flowers.

And strains of the music I lov'd so well
Shall sweep o'er my quiet grave,
The murmur of streams, the organ's swell,
And the roar of the bounding wave ;
And more sweet than the soft-toned lyre shall be
The gush of their mingling melody.

There oft in the twilight's glow and haze
Warm tears shall the flowers bedew,
There oft shall be bent the unheeded gaze,
There breathed the unanswered adieu ;
And love shall seem, 'mid the gathering gloom,
Like the falling light from an angel's plume.

Thus when I sleep by the old Churchway,
How pleasant shall be my rest,
The flowers shall bloom on my couch by day,
And at night shall fold on my breast ;
And the hills shall point to the solemn skies
And tell of the hope that within me lies.

The Foreboding.

SUMMER to the swallows,
Flowers to the bee,
Pastures to the cattle,
Foliage to the tree ;
May blossoms to the garland,
Sunshine to the sky ;
All bright things returning,
Why then do I sigh ?

Colours to the landscape,
Breezes to the sail,
Warblings to the forest,
Perfumes to the gale ;
Soft gleamings to the river,
Slumber to the sea,
Sunny hours returning,—
A shadow creeps o'er me.

Freedom to the captive,
To the wand'rer,—home,
Respite to the weary,
Comfort to the lone ;

To the whisp'ring wooer,
Soft whispers in reply,
Earth's best joys returning,—
They will pass me by.

Spring time with its freshness
O'er the earth doth reign,
Summer with its brightness
Gladdens hearts again ;
But the wild flowers blossom,
The long green grasses wave,
In the peaceful churchyard,
Over a new-made grave.



The Vicarage, Ilfracombe.

A low-roofed house, whose eaves are peeping
'Mid fields and trees, half sun, half shade,
A modest lawn, paths round it creeping,
That seem for calm retirement made.

A lovely group of fuchsia flowers,
Whose bells are boomed by restless bees ;
A spot where you might make green bowers,
And fairy glades beneath the trees.

There you may hear the murmuring Wilder,
Chanting in liquid monotone,
To jealous hedges that would shield her
From all observance but their own.

And o'er the gateway blooms—self-chosen
The sentry of that fair abode—
One rose clasped to a leafy bosom,
Looks smiling down the pleasant road.

When every wandering wind is bringing
The mellow chime of evening bells,
That from the old grey tower offspring
The lifted hymn of nature swells,

And blends with children's tones of gladness
Uprousing every echo there,
Subduing every sound of sadness :
You could not find a spot more fair.

Long may the roses blossom round it,
There Nature trill her sweetest tone,
And every gentle grace surround it,
Meet for the Pastor's pleasant home.



Flowers.

NAY, pluck it not to throw away,
Though myriads bloom around ;
Nor careless cast the lowliest flower
To wither on the ground.
Tears oft will rush into my eye,
Even to see a flower die.

They are the riches of the child,
The light of dying eyes ;
They carry comfort to the sad,
And wisdom to the wise ;
And softly breathe their sweet perfume
O'er the still face and darken'd room.

How touchingly they sunward gaze
Above the rounded bed !
Then closing up their earnest eyes
Sleep with the sleeping dead,
And seem to ask Heaven's gentle grace
To bless the quiet resting-place.

And oh ! when I am dead and gone,
Deny me not this boon,
Let flowers grow over me, and then
I shall not seem alone.
In life—in death's long solemn hours,
I still would be among the flowers.



A Devonshire Lane.

To those who have gazed on the gorgeous array,
Of blossoms outspread 'neath a tropical ray,
My song and its theme may seem humble and plain,
I sing the sweet charms of a Devonshire lane.

'Tis the haunt of the bee, and the home of the bird,
And its leaves by the grasshopper's boundings are
stirred.

The speedwell and violet peep out from its green,
And the fern droops above them its feathery screen.

There the foxglove, erect in its purple array,
Looks down on the orchis in colour as gay ;
On its green mossy bank the fair primroses lie,
And the sun-loving daisy looks up to the sky.

There fringed with green lichens, and cradled in fern,
Freshly rippling from out of a moss-wreathed urn,
A silvery streamlet half hid from the eye,
Is gurgling its music in soft melody.

And the merry wind tossing the wild woodland trees,
Enters there, and sinks down to a whispering breeze,
And sways to and fro in the evening air,
All the censers of perfume from flowers blooming
there.

What a spot for young hearts with a future outspread,
As cloudless and bright as the sky overhead,
Glad sunbeams flit o'er them through branches above,
And the happy birds round them are singing of love.

I can fancy full well how the raptured eye fills
At first sight of the glittering Alpine hills ;
I can fancy the beautiful scenes that lie
Beneath the rich glow of a Southern sky.

But these lovelier landscapes I never shall see,
Their beauty, so distant, unfolds not for me !
God gives me one pleasure, I need not complain,
As I wander at eve down a Devonshire lane.

A Summer Song.

Away to the uplands—away !
To watch the first morning ray
Cleave the dusky skies and the vapours white,
And fling up its ladder of golden light,
For the sunny steps of day.

Away to the meadows, away !
But invade not the ring of the fay,
For the dew-drops' pearly chains are hung,
On the emerald leaves of the grasses strung,
To circle the mystic way.

Away to the forests, away !
Where the billows of verdure sway,
O'er a sea which the loveliest tints pervade,
And each wave rolls on of a different shade,
And tosses its chestnut spray.

Away to the waters, away !
Where the silvery streams are at play,
Where the dragon-fly's vesture of green and gold
Makes the mosses look pale, and the sunlight cold,
As he wheels on his dazzling way.

Away to the bowers, away !
'Mid the groves of the flowers to stray,
Where the woodbine, myrtle, and jessamine twine,
And the clematis flings her white wreath on the vine,
And perfumes the breathings of day.

Away to the valleys, away !
Cool and green is the shadowy way,
And warblings gush out from its song-laden tree,
There are sweets in the flowers for thee and the bee
To hoard for a sunless day.

A Word for Combe Martin.

FAIR, fruitful vale, and can it be,
That jibe and jeer are thrown at thee?
That shallow brain and foolish tongue
At thee their petty sneers have flung?

‘Out of the world’ they call thee—True:
Thy rounded bay of loveliest blue,
Thy soft hills veiled in silvery grey,
Where glancing lights and shadows stray;

Thy orchards gemmed with milk-white bloom,
Thy whispering woodlands’ grateful gloom,
Thy tower whose fair proportions rise
’Mid the green trees to summer skies;

Viewed thus afar by one just fled
From the vast city’s restless tread,
He well might deem, whilst gazing here,
His footsteps press’d some lovelier sphere.

And though with nearer look beheld,
Perchance the illusion be dispelled,
And faces we imagined fair,
Bear the hard lines of toil and care;

If he for benefactor pass,
Who doubles e'en a blade of grass,
'Tis meet some gratitude we give
To those who toil that all may live ;

Who early rise, and late take rest,
To woo from out earth's rugged breast,
The waving grain, the pleasant root,
The fragrant herb, the luscious fruit.

Then cast not round a scornful eye,
Ye who in cushioned ease roll by,
Though wealth and rank be yours on earth,
They're but the accidents of birth.

Come Back to Die.

‘For centuries—I know not how many—Jews of every country have come to die in Jerusalem, that they might be buried in the Valley of Jehoshaphat.’—*Eastward*, by Norman McLeod, D.D.

WE have come back to die—our wanderings are o'er ;
Hate, scorn, and oppression shall hunt us no more :
Unknown to each other, yet brethren by birth,
We are met from all lands round this one spot of earth.

Oh ! lov'd spot and longed for—to which we have clung
When the sweet songs of Zion have died on our tongue,
And we turn'd from the land of our wanderings to crave
In this low-lying valley a home and a grave.

We have come back to die,—daily weeping we go
Where our holy and beautiful house is laid low ;
We have knelt on the spot where its stones lie in dust,
Yet our lips were press'd to them in hope and in trust.

Though the fane of the false one be glittering on high,
And the Moslem in haughty disdain passes by ;
Though the desolate land be untilled and untrod,
Yet she is not forgotten—forsaken of God.

For thither the tribes shall go up with a shout,
When the Lord God of Israel has gathered them out
From the land of their exile and weary unrest,
From the north and the south, from the east and the west.

From snowy Siberia, from Afric's hot plain,
From the broad river bank, and the dark mountain chain,
From the haunts of the city, the isles of the sea,
To this place, as a bird to its nest, they shall flee !

Down thy red ridge, O Moab, a path they shall find,
And in safety through Hermon's deep solitudes wind;
No hardship shall weary, no danger dismay,
When God shall prepare for His people a way.

On Judah's green pastures the flocks shall lie down ;
The populous city and prosperous town
Shall stud the broad plains; and where silence reign'd
 long
The herdsman shall answer the vine-dresser's song.

Yes, we come back to die,—but this vale of the dead
Shall echo the sound of a multitude's tread,
When the days of her weeping and mourning are o'er,
And Messiah shall the kingdom to Israel restore.

To Mrs. A. E. Prebost,

ON THE 77TH ANNIVERSARY OF HER BIRTHDAY,

1st January, 1872.

WE cannot gather early flowers,
Nor flood the wreath in summer light ;
Rich tints are gone with summer bowers,
And only scarlet berries bright
Forth from the glossy foliage gleam,
The Birthday wreath of evergreen.

Oh ! blest are they who nobly use
The fleeting hours of life's short day,
When sweetest flowers, and brightest hues,
And softest light shall fade away ;
These gather up earth's garlands green,
The fadeless wreath of evergreen.

What though spring flowers no longer bloom,
And autumn's glories too are fled,
Kind deeds make sunshine in the gloom,
And more than summer radiance shed,
And weave across each wintry scene
A beauteous wreath of evergreen.



So, Lady ! may the glistening wreath
Still greet you on this New-year's Day,
These many years, until you breathe
A purer air, where Winter's sway
Shall never dull its lustrous sheen,
The deathless crown of evergreen.



On the Death of Basay,

A favourite Scotch Terrier, belonging to Mrs. A. E. P., killed on the Railway, when trying to find his way home in a place that was strange to him.

AND this is how thy journey ends,
Thy fruitless search for home and friends!
 Sad goal to such a quest !
Sad news to reach thy Mistress' ear,
Who, in alternate hope and fear,
Through field and roadside, far and near,
 Had sought thee, sore distrest.

When the dark Indian of the West
Is laid within his place of rest,
 They bid his courser bleed ;
And on the happy hunting-ground
The swarthy chief his steed hath found,
And o'er its sunny plains they bound,
 From mortal trammels freed.

And if we may not share this faith,
The sadder feel we at the death
 Of our mute faithful friends,



And grieve when one whose watchfulness,
Whose wistful eyes and dumb caress,
Could such unfeigned love express,
No more our steps attends.

And shalt not thou be borne in mind,
Most faithful of thy faithful kind,
Dear Rasay ! lying low ?
Thy Mistress takes her lonely ride,
Thou art not bounding by her side,
Nor walking slow, with comic pride,
Too grand to glance below.

What wild delight it was to thee
To scamper o'er the meadows free,
And quickly reappear,
With joyous bark, which now shall go
No more through courts and alleys low,
To cheer poor hearts in want or woe
And say a friend is near.

But thou art spared the feeble moan
Of slow decay—for scarce one groan
Did thy swift death give time ;
Oh ! when our days complete their round
And we, too, lie beneath the ground,
To our trust may we be found
Thou, dear dog, to thine.



Too Late !

Too late ! the words are spoken now,
And that deep flush of pain
Will oft suffuse the burning brow
And chase the smile again.
And thus in hearts where love should grow
We sow the seeds of hate ;
And our remorse they never know —
Alas ! it comes too late.

How many a little kindly deed
We might have done with ease,
But, careless of our neighbour's need,
We sought ourselves to please :
The helping hand held out perchance
Might then have changed their fate,
But the right moment came but once,
And now it is too late.

We see some poor young outcast lie
Before us, yet in pride
We pass, with Priest and Levite, by
Upon the other side :

A loving act, a gentle tone,
Up from her low estate
Had raised, perhaps, that fallen one,
But now it is too late.

And oh, how sad beside the form
So still and passionless,
So calm amid the fearful storm
Of anguish and distress,
To hear the cry ascend in vain,
‘Oh, say thou didst not hate !’
To which no answer comes again,—
Repentance all too late.

God grant us grace to hear His voice,
And His dear law to keep,
‘Rejoice with them that do rejoice,
And weep with them that weep ;’
That so when all our days are sped
Calm we for death may wait,
Nor learn upon a dying bed
Life’s lessons, when too late.

A Good-natured Grudge against the New Railway.

I MOURN (and who would not?) that ponderous rent
Riv'n through the old hills where my childhood was
spent;

And the quiet retreat where I sat in the shade—
But we can't live by quiet retreats I'm afraid.

All the furze with its blossoming gold is upturn,
And lies wither'd beside its sweet neighbour the thorn;
The flower haunts invaded where dews loved to steal—
Still a nosegay would make but a very poor meal.

Ah, poor little birds, far afield ye must roam,
And in distant seclusion seek out a new home;
The pickaxe and spade have laid bare your retreat—
Yet a brood of young children want something to eat.

The cuckoo no longer shall welcome the Spring;
From Carntop and Folley the thrush shall take wing,
Where he poured his sweet lay to the new-risen moon—
Still some sounds more metallic can charm by their
tone.



Dear Nature has lavished with bounteous hand
Her treasures of beauty o'er sea and o'er land :
How the gold on these meads would a miser's o'er-
whelm—

Ah ! could we but pass it for coin of the realm !

Far removed from the city, its bustle and din,
By green slope and bluff headland so snugly shut in :
How gladly this nook to ourselves we would keep,—
If we, like the dormouse, through winter could sleep.

Whilst our eyes have been feasted with charms out of
door,
The feast on the table has oftentimes been poor ;
So if it will smiling prosperity bring—
After all, p'rhaps, the railway won't be a bad thing.

Lines Written after the Gale

IN FEBRUARY, 1861.

THE dark relentless waters
Have risen around our land,
And the shatter'd hull of the hapless bark
Drifts on to the sullen sand.

The drowning who plead for succour,
And the noble who strove to save,*
Float drearily onward together,
In the same unresting grave.

Long, long will the watchers' vigil
Be kept on the faithless shore,
For the cloud-like sail of the stately ship
And them who return no more.

Long, long will the heart's pulsation
Vibrate 'twixt hope and fear,
And the spirit start at some treacherous gleam,
To sink in its cell more drear.

* The Pilot Boat which went out to help went down with the wreck.

For the staff of the aged is broken,
And the guardian of youth is fled,
Gone down to the depths of the pitiless sea,
And enrolled with its myriad dead.

In Memory of John Whynron,

Died 26th May, 1872, aged 26.

We would not call thee back to-day,
Had we the Prophet's power of old
To cast ourselves upon thy clay,
And warm with breath thy lips so cold.

We would not bid thee take again
The weary burden just laid down ;
Earth's heavy cross of sin and pain
Would heavier seem beside the crown.

We would not see thee suffering here,
Too weak to smile, too faint to speak,
And watch the cold death-dews appear
O'er heavy brow and sunken cheek.

No ! thou art pass'd within the veil ;
Hast gain'd, like wearied Dove, the Ark ;
Thy outstretched hand, so weak and frail,
Hath claspt thy Saviour's in the dark.

Thy native earth to thee seem'd strange,
Poor prisoner, bound to one small room ;
Now thou o'er fields of light canst range,
And soar beyond the starlit dome.

We strive to follow thee, but soon
The o'erstrain'd eyes with tears are dim ;
We cannot hear, amid the gloom,
The music of the Seraphim.

The Promised Land before us lay,
But only thou could'st cross the stream ;
We must turn back our desert way,
And of its unknown glory dream ;

And when our wanderings here are o'er,
And our feet stand where he hath stood,
Dear Saviour ! meet us on the shore,
Clasp hands with us across the flood.

¶ Churchyard Walk.

O, do not deem my churchyard walk
Is fraught with gloom or woe,
For wandering here, I seem to talk
With those who rest below,
And oft by many a grave I trace
The features of a vanished face.

I seem once more to clasp the hand,
The kindly smile I meet,
Within this narrow strip of land
How many I can greet !
How many a page of life once read
Turns o'er again beside the dead !

Dear boy, who late resigned thy breath,
Whose image haunts me now,
With all the majesty of death
Throned on the marble brow,
Whose life was as a summe: flower,
Cut down and wither'd in an hour.

I oft recall thy eager face
When wandering by my side,
When every strange delightful place
New marvels still supplied ;
And now, dear child, could I but see
What wonders thou could'st show to me

And here, where drooping lilies grow,
And soft green grasses wave,
By the small cross and mound I know
Some little baby's grave ;
That sunny head has bow'd beneath
The mighty waves of life and death.

O lov'd ones pass'd within the vail !
I love to linger here,
Mid memories of our life so frail,
Till the ev'ning star appear,
And glows upon the twilight's breast
And points us to your place of rest.

'I will Come Back for You.'

The incident to which the following lines refer happened near Penzance, in March, 1873. A young man, an undergraduate of Cambridge, was staying there with his sisters and some other relatives. He was killed quite suddenly, by a fall from the cliff into the sea, part of the edge giving way with him. He had just been walking with a lady of the party in search of sea-side ferns, and on reaching a point where the ascent became difficult, he left his companion to rest, while he climbed higher. His parting words as he left her were, 'If I find any very delightful place I will come back for you.' He was never again seen alive.

REDEEM thy promise,—we too would see
The beauteous scenes that have burst on thee ;
To the height thou hast gained we fain would go,
For a shadow has fallen on us below.

Redeem thy promise,—though sunbeams rest
Still on the path which thy footsteps prest,
This hollow seems dark where we waiting stand,
And the wave breaks moaning up over the sand.

Redeem thy promise,—nor dread that we
Should fear the rough path that leads up to thee ;
On the glorious prospect together we'll gaze,
And forget in our rapture these sorrowful days.

Redeem thy promise,—how can we thus
Meet the looks that will mutely ask of us
Why we have left, in the stillness and gloom,
Thy vigorous strength and thy young life's bloom ?

Redeem thy promise,—it cannot be
Though Heaven's own glory encircleth thee,
Thou wilt ever forget, in thy blissful abode,
The loved ones who missed thee on life's sad road.

Redeem thy promise,—we wait and watch
For thy step on the threshold, thy hand on the latch ;
Though long years pass we know thou wilt come
To redeem thy promise—to fetch us home.

The Hour of Rest.

RELEASED from daily toil, I go
With buoyant steps to yonder hill,
Where greenwood branches bending low
Make a sweet bower beside the rill.

Mine this retreat this beauteous eve,
This one sweet hour of liberty,
And gladly Egypt's din I leave
For gentle peace and musing free.

Then call me idle if you will,
Pharaohs who scheme, and slaves who plod,
Be mine one hour of evening still
When I may sacrifice to God.

He spreads for me this velvet sward,
And opes the daisy's golden eye,
And twines the leafy branch, to guard
This shady bower whereon I lie.

It is His voice that sings to me,
Heard in the music of the stream;
His face in sunset's rays I see,
And in the moonlight's holier gleam.

And oftentimes o'er the distant hills
He bids me look afar, and see
The borders of the Promised Land,
The heavenly home prepared for me.

And sorrow fills me as I dwell,
Lord, on Thy often gather'd good,
Which like the showering manna fell
Midst murmurings and ingratitude.

Nature's Teachings.

'The following pages desire ambitiously enough to leave behind them a threefold imprint.'—*Preface to 'Woodleigh,' by Rev. G. Tugwell.*

WELL said, true lover of the field and wood !
Thou hast ambition, and the noblest kind.
To heap the dreary volume's cumbrous load,
Piling thick doubts upon the o'ertasked mind,
Is not thine object,—thou would'st lead men forth
Where the light breeze floats down to kiss the plain,
Bid them see Wisdom in the teeming earth,
Love in the flowers, light in the rolling main ;
And 'to one mind at least' thy words have given
A new note to the song of silvery streams,—
A brighter glow unto the summer heaven,—
New radiance to the star that nightly gleams,—
New tints to flowers,—new sights to eyes unseal'd—
New stores of wisdom from the flowery field.

The Mother.

‘And if I e'er in Heaven appear,
A mother’s holy prayer,
A mother’s love and gentle tear,
That pointed to a Saviour dear,
Hath led the wanderer there.’—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

EYES blue and tender-looking haunt my dreams,
When night calms down to its most solemn hour,
And, as a star that o'er me brightly beams,
They hold me with their deep, mysterious power.
Should the past day have been a step whereon
My spirit hath ascended nearer God,
In their soft orbs a holy joy hath shone ;
But if my sliding foot hath downward trod,
A sorrow their blue lustrous depths steals o'er,
Such as was seen in that mild Angel's eye
Who first look'd down on Eden's alter'd bower,
When her deserted beauty lone did lie.
O Mother ! not as earthly guardian given,
But a bright link betwixt thy child and heaven.

Trees in Broad Park, Ilfracombe.

S P R I N G.

VAINLY ye stretch bare wither'd arms across
My homeward path, ye trees ! as vainly, too,
For pitying glances do ye bend and sue,
Forgetful that I see, amid the moss,
The sturdy little buds shy peeping through.
Ye stand as wily mendicants, whose hoard
In hidden wallet lieth amply stored,
And soon your leafy wealth shall burst anew.
Awaiting you are birds, and sunny hours,
Fresh wandering winds, and rainbow-lighted showers
Sweet fragile flowers shall blossom at your feet,
And ferns and mosses clothe your green retreat ;
And so, though tossed by every rough, rude breeze,
No pity can ye win from me, O trees !

*Hospital Sunday.**

SHARERS alike in pain's sad heritage,
Be sharers also in the Godlike gift
Of healing ; for though One alone can lift
The weight of suffering, yet would He engage
All as His helpers, who would fain assuage
The throe of anguish or the sigh of grief ;
Who bear to desolate hearts a sweet relief,
Or bend in sympathy o'er pain and age.
This charity is orphan'd, a bequest
From one who now has passed beyond the range
Of pain. Give freely ! so when the last change
Is come, ye, too, may gently sink to rest,
Hear to the last some lov'd one's soothing tone,
Then Christ's dear words, 'Servant of God, well done !'

* On occasion of the first collection made for the Ilfracombe Cottage Hospital after the death of the foundress, Mrs. ANN TYRRELL.

The Sea.

THOU Sea, first courtier to the sovereign Moon,
Staying her course to waiting realms of night,
By thy soft murmured homage—as a knight
Binding thy lady's glistening honours on,
Me thou dost hold entranced, till Memory's tone
Recalls the wintry past, when thou didst make
Dark compact with the sullen clouds, to wake
The howling tempest o'er the Atlantic lone ;
Then do I startled hear the anguished shriek
Of mariner sinking in the whelming waves.
Him though thou hidest in oblivious caves,
Not always thus shalt thou thy vengeance wreak,
O wild and wandering deep ! a dread decree
Foretells thy doom,—‘ And there was no more sea.’

On the Same.

MOANING and tossing hours, and wild unrest,
And loneliness are thine, mysterious deep !
Thy slumber is at best a troubled sleep,
Upheaving to the skies a labouring breast,
That sinks again with heavy, hopeless moan,
O pining Sea ! Earth has her sunny hours,
And man his cherish'd hopes, even fading flowers
Keep heart for coming spring's awakening tone ;
But thou seem'st ever seeking something lost,
Dashing through gloomy caves, and with white arms
Feeling along the black-ledged rocky coast,
Till disappointment lash thee into storms,
Renewing still the search on every strand,
Questioning in hurried whispers the blank sand.

March, 1867.

THINKING of thee, and from my reverie waking,
I look around and half expect to find
Thy smile upon me, and then comes the aching,
The desolate sense of loss across my mind.
Beloved spirit ! art thou now endued
With power to aid, to comfort, and to cheer ;
To breathe some gentle influence for good
On us, whom thou hast left in sorrow here ?
Perhaps thou art lingering round Heaven's golden gate,
Waiting to welcome some beloved one home ;
How blest to have some loved ones there to wait !
How blest when all the waited-for are come !
Then shall these anxious yearning thoughts subside,
Those restless questionings all be satisfied.

Our Household Graves.

DARK letters graven on an upright stone,
Perchance two lines—a name, a date, an age ;
Some loving records traced in memory's page
That meet the inward-gazing eye alone ;
And flowers, that hide the dust they bloom upon
From our dim sight—O young, and brave, and true,
How bankrupt are the riches held in you !
Death left so little for the wealth he won,
But shall we murmur, we who further on
Heard in the uncertain light the call of God,
And weeping stepp'd aside on life's sad road
To let you pass before us, one by one ?
Oh no, the darkness now will soon be past,
And shadows flee, and morning dawn at last.



Twilight Thoughts.

O SABBATH hour of day, so softly falling
On purple height and quiet slumbering vale ;
Though afar off deep unto deep be calling,
And sweeter waters murmur, whilst the gale
Bears on the latest warbler's evensong ;
Yet the soft mingling music would not break
The dreams of sleeping flowers, that nod along
The dewy margin of the silvery lake !
O tell thy secret charm, sweet hallow'd hour.
Say, do those glorious footsteps visit earth,
So often heard at eve in Eden's bower,
Ere sin and all its train of ills had birth ?
Alas ! thy tears and fading beauty say,
God walks no longer in the cool of day.

On the Same.

LORD, if Thy coming be at this sweet hour,
With all its folding flowers and tender hues,
And low-breathed winds that own its calming power,
Half of my fearfulness I seem to lose.
How terrible it is to think of Thee
Breaking upon us in the gloom of night,
When most are slumbering, when, alas ! there be
Deeds being done which may not bear the light.
Nor meet us, Lord, amid the noon-day's pride,
When earth's flush'd brow grows vain and confident ;
But come when morning's charm at eve hath died,
And the world-wearied eye to Heaven is bent.
And, oh how sweet, when eventide is come,
To rest from labour in our Father's home.



Angel Visits.

‘It is a beautiful belief,
That ever round our bed
Are hovering, on angel wings,
The spirits of the dead.’

THEY come, blest visitants from other spheres,
Compassed by airs of heaven, that softly greet
Our exiled spirits till they throb and beat
With thoughts unutterable, that melt in tears.
The Brother, who laid down his ruddy years
'Neath dark Canadian pines ; the loved ones too
Who sleep beneath the sunshine and the dew,
And the old friendly hills,—when night appears
Have ye not strangely felt the mystic sway
Of their bright presence, ev'n as a captive bird,
That from some distant bower has faintly heard
The loving notes that woo her far away ?
Come oft, blest spirits ! lest our shortened sight
See but these barriers that stay our flight.

The Prophet Isaiah.

GREAT Bard and Seer, whose mighty master-hand
To varied music wakes the sacred lyre,
Music that floats along each golden wire,
And wafts an echo back from every land :
Now soft as the wind-wakened melody
From out Eolian harps thy cadence steals ;
Now loud and piercing as the trump that peals
Through falling worlds and swift dissolving sky ;
Now sad and wailing, as though death's cold shroud
Wrapt the still world, and thou of earth the last
Didst roam through ruined cities, mourning loud
The desolation of the silent waste ;
Now breaking into rapturous notes sublime,
Immortal harmonies vouchsafed to time.

'And they sung a New Song.'

Rev. v. 9.

It rose from an invisible harp and hand,
In tones so exquisitely sweet, yet clear,
That seemed to float through awe-suspended air,
Then melting died along the purple band
That bridged the Eastern sky. With upraised hand
The Apostle stood in mute and rapt surprise,
Gazing his soul away through fixed eyes,
And yet he saw not sky, or sea, or land,—
That wondrous note had borne each sense above,—
Oft he had heard angelic harps at night
Hymning Jehovah's majesty and might ;
This swells the key-note of Messiah's love,
And once o'er Judah's fields had swept that strain,
And shepherds heard it on the Bethlehem plain.

On the Illness of His Royal Highness
the Prince of Wales.

Most sad it is to watch the strength decay
In the young vigorous frame, whether it be
Of shepherd lad—who, lone upon the lea,
Still seems in feverish dreams to guide away
His flock from dangerous paths ; or where he lay,
Our suffering Prince, worn down to saddest plight,
Moaning and tossing through the restless night,
Till like the Shunammite we took our way
And sought the man of God. Oh ! in that hour,
When rose a prostrate nation's Prayer of Faith,
Did God renew His old miraculous power,
Redeeming even from the gates of Death ?
O it is well, in these too scornful days,
To feel the blessed power of prayer and praise.



Lines on the Thanksgiving Day for the
Recovery of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

27TH FEBRUARY, 1872.

RISE bright, O sun, this wintry day,
Disperse yon clouds so cold and gray,
Our hearts demand a gladdening ray,
For England holds high festival.

Let bells ring out and cannons boom,
With joyous salvos chase the gloom,
Let pennons wave and garlands bloom
In token of our festival.

See ! all in gala garments drest,
While gleaming helm and plumed crest,
And star upon the warrior's breast,
Do honour to our festival.

The city pours its living tide
O'er street and portal far and wide ;
From hamlet, dale, and river side,
They throng to join our festival.

The nation's heart is deeply moved—
Dread and suspense alike removed,
She welcomes thee, O Prince beloved,
And shares with thee this festival.

Mother and Queen ! pass on ! 'mid cheer
And loyal shout, thy people near
Can read thy heart, in smile and tear,
On this exulting festival.

Pass on, dear Prince ! emotion's tide
On this glad day we cannot hide ;
With wife and children by thy side,
Thank God for this great festival.

Through hallowed gate and aisle pass on,
'Mid solemn chant and organ's tone,
There lowly homage pay to One
Who gives to us this festival.

Who gives for sadness, suffering, fear,
For gloomy dread when death seemed near,
For widow's sigh and orphans' tear,
This great, this glorious festival.

O Prince, who on this day hast bowed
The hearts of all this mighty crowd
Even as one man's, let nothing cloud
Remembrance of this festival.

Engrave its record on thine heart,
To urge thee on to do thy part,
That thou be aye what now thou art,
The crown of all our festival.

And thou, dear Church, if any say
Hearts have grown weary of thy sway,
Enfeebled, thou must pass away,—
Then let this day of festival

Teach us that in our brightest hour,
Or when the clouds of sorrow lower,
Thou wieldest still thine ancient power,
In sadness or in festival.

A Record of the Sun.

‘Day unto day uttereth speech.’

I ROSE this morn o'er the Eastern hill,
A world at my feet lay rapt and still,
The city lay silent—and silently
Its broad river rolled to the distant sea ;
The ox had not stirred from its low-thatched shed,
Nor labour sprung from its wholesome bed,
And only the mariner welcomed me,
As he steered his bark on the lonely sea.

The Night had fled, but her parting breath
Clung to the hills in a misty wreath ;
I threw on its sadness a rosy ray,
And it melted in silent tears away,
Which in silver streamlets sweep the shore,
Mourning her absence evermore,
And Day doth not look on a fairer sight
Than the lake surcharged with the tears of night.

I called the flowers from their green retreat,
And burnished with gold all the bearded wheat ;
I brought forth the insect hosts to sight,
And they quivered and glanced in my shafts of light,

And I bade the trout to its prey upspring,
And it circled the water with widening ring,
And the blossoming thickets and dells I stirred
With the hum of the bee and the song of the bird.

I called forth man to his daily toil,
To drive the plough through the yielding soil,
To guide the loom 'mid the wildering maze
Of the flying wheels and the steamy haze,
To delve in the horrid mine, far away
From breath of heaven or light of day ;
Or lead his flock amid pastures green,—
Man's early employ, and his best I ween.

And children, lured by my smile, rush out
And twine their wreath with laughter and shout,
With self-complacent glance oft hie
To their mirror, the stream that glideth by,—
From meadow to meadow the little feet roam,
Till evening shadows warn them home,
Then, quite worn out by their happy toil,
Trudge wearily home with their flowery spoil.

I pierced through the smoky pall that lay
On the mighty city's crowded way,
And flamed alike on the dark purlieu,
On the squalid court and its tattered crew,—

On the marble fountains' dazzling showers,
On the whispering trees and lofty towers,
On the wretched hovels, the palaces rare,—
What tears, what revels I gazed on there !

Here one, with a murderer's horrid mien,
Still dogged his victim's steps, unseen,
And he inly cursed my tell-tale light,
That stayed his revenge till the treacherous night ;
Yet forms moved there who to cheer had power
More bright than the sun in its noontide hour,
And 'Greathearts' still guided, 'midst strife and hate,
The pilgrim bands to the golden gate.

I lighted a room with my mellow ray
Where a fair young form in suffering lay ;
For a moment I flushed the pale pure cheek,
And touched the brow with a rosy streak,
But my loving rays had no power to heat
The clammy hands and the clay-cold feet,
And when the sunlight changed to gloom,
Hope passed with me from that darkened room.

What is it that speeds through the azure blue,
On sounding pinions of dazzling hue ?
The fair spirit freed from sorrow and sin—
I know by the gleam as it enters in

Through the pearly portals, that open stand,
'Mid welcoming songs of a seraph band,
To that City which needs not the cheering light
Of the sun by day, or the moon by night.

My race is run,—I have said farewell
To glowing valley and mossy dell,
But a purple gleam is resting now
Where first it lay on the mountain's brow ;
And now it is gone, and I sink to sleep
'Neath the heaving breast of the pathless deep,
And the mariner biddeth farewell to me,—
Still guiding his bark on the lonely sea.

In Memory of Miss Teresa Bowen.

Died January 25th, 1876.

AGAIN the death-bell tolls ;
Again the grave yawns deep ;
For her whom many a heart shall mourn,
Whom many an eye shall weep.

Behind a flower-crown'd bier,
First of a funeral train,
Not long ago she trod this aisle
In feebleness and pain.*

For there was borne along,
That early summer day,
The gentlest of that sister band
Who now have passed away.

As bright o'er Burrow's slopes,
The golden sunbeams shone,
'How will she bear this stroke?' we asked ;
'How can she live alone?'

* The funeral of Mrs. SOMMERS-DOWN (Miss T. BOWEN'S sister), which took place but a short time before, is here referred to

Though but a few short months,
The answer now is given ;
And the freed spirit has regained
Its kindred, home, and heaven.

Farewell ! farewell to thee !
Last daughter of a race
Who hold in Memory's faithful shrine
A fondly cherished place !

If brave, heroic deeds,
Adorn'd thy name of yore,
Worth and divinest charity
Shall grace it evermore.

The summer sun may flood
Fair Burrow's slopes of green,
But thou beside its open door
Will ne'er again be seen !

Yet oft as round thy grave
Eve's purple light is shed,
A voice from heaven will whisper there,
'Yea, blessed are the dead.'

C. G. J.*

Fell asleep September 8th, 1877, aged 76 years.

The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord.—*Jas. i. 21.*

Yes, blessed be Thy Name, O Lord, with dimming tears
we say;
Thy hand bestowed the gift, and Thou hast taken it
away;
And though our hearts be desolate, yet would we not
rebel
Nor murmur, for it is the Lord, that doeth all things
well.

We bless Thee,—though the sunlight now for us
seems quench'd in gloom;
Though all our work of love is o'er within that silent
room:
Though tearfully we gaze around upon the vacant chair,
And on the lonely garden paths,—and miss him every-
where.

* The writer's father.

We bless Thee for the memories which he has left
behind,—
So precious now,—his quiet trust, and thankful happy
mind,
And heart that dwelt in charity, and sunny as the
day;
And steps that trod in peacefulness life's most se-
questered way.

For all the wealth of love that made home still the
happiest place ;
For the glad light of the dear blue eyes uplifted to
each face ;
When children and their children join'd the well-known
notes to raise,
And the quiet sabbath evening closed with some dear
song of praise.

We bless Thee that our heart's best love to him was
freely given,
That with our grief no dark remorse can mix its bitter
leaven ;
When standing by his quiet grave, though tears of
sorrow fall,
Scarce word or act can memory bring which we would
fain recall.

We bless Thee that the last dread foe was met without
dismay,
With humble hope, unfaltering faith, he trod Death's
awful way ;
That through long dreary days and nights the promise
did not cease,
He trusted in Thee, and his mind was kept in perfect
peace.

And oh, we bless Thee that his days of suffering now
are o'er,
That Thou hast called him up to Thee and bade him
weep no more ;
That where Thou art Thy servant is, sorrow and sin
laid down,
Earth's weary cross of pain exchang'd for Heaven's un-
fading crown.

We bless Thee for the glorious hope that lights our
pathway here,
That every day the meeting-time is coming yet more
near :
O hour of rapture, in whose light the sorrows of to-day
Shall seem but shadows, which at dawn arise and flee
away.

'Behold the Man.'

THE thorns are prest upon His brow,
And knees in mockery round Him bow ;
Then with dim eyes, and aching head,
And failing steps, by Pilate led
To meet that raging multitude.
One moment in their gaze He stood,
And heard the fierce retort that ran
To Pilate's words—'Behold the Man !'

O Pilate ! when that fearful blast
Of the Archangel's trump at last
Shall wake thee from the grave's long sleep,
How shall pale terror o'er thee creep
When thou shalt see the great white throne,
And Him—the Judge—Who sits thereon,
Whose glorious features thou shalt scan,
And wildly cry—'Behold the Man !'

And ye, whose curse and gibe and blow,
Embitter'd still that bitter woe ;
Ye too must face Him on that day
When earth and heaven shall melt away ;
Must meet the dread, majestic eye
Of Him ye passed reviling by ;
Once lone, unpitied, sad, and wan,
Now, Heav'n's great King, 'Behold the Man !'

But ye who carried far and wide
The tidings of the Crucified ;
Who bore like Him an earthly cross,
Despised the shame, endured the loss ;
Braved furious beast, and scorching blaze,
Nor turned from Heaven your raptured gaze ;
Lo ! 'neath yon rainbow's mighty span
Your Master comes—'Behold the Man !'

Christmas.

1877.

COME with thy benediction,
Thou gracious, happy morn,
To us a Son is given,
To us a Child is born;
O loving, lowly Saviour,
Alas ! that it should be,
So many welcome Christmas
Who never welcome Thee.

Come quicken kindly feelings,
And warm our hearts with love,
Bid some sweet cadence reach us
Of angel songs above;
Bring smiles on children's faces,
Rejoice the lowly breast,
Lest there be vacant places
At God's great Christmas feast.

Come whisper words of comfort,
For loving arms unclasp,
Dear hands we pressed so fondly
Have fallen from our grasp ;
Kind voices now are silent,
Warm hearts have ceased to throb,
And o'er life's darkening pathway
The wintry night-winds sob.

Come with thy peaceful message,
The trampled sod is red,
Unheeded moan the dying,
Unburied lie the dead :
O song of love eternal,
So often heard in vain,
A Christmas-tide is dawning
When men shall heed the strain.

Come and renew the vision
Of that resplendent night,
And scatter all the darkness
With beams of heavenly light ;
O'er earth's wild din and tumult
Let angel voices ring,
Bring in again glad tidings
Of our long absent King.

Come festival of gladness,
 Unmixed with sin's alloy,
No undertone of sadness
 To mar the perfect joy ;
Soon shall the silent watches
 Echo the midnight cry,—
'Behold, the Bridegroom cometh,'
 The Lord is drawing nigh.

The New Year.

1878.

O SILENT guest, that cometh at the meeting
Of night and morning, with thy noiseless tread,
Welcome to thee—and take our farewell greeting,
Thou dear old 'seventy-seven' for ever fled.

We take our journey at thy call, unknowing
What shall befall us on its unseen way :
No sunny rays upon our paths are glowing,
But shadows of the morning dim and gray.

Vainly we question thee, all undisclosing,
The secret of our life thou keepest well :
Shall we be rest of friends ? shall we be losing
Some dear ones now with us ?—Thou wilt not tell.

Thou hidest in thy bosom joy and sorrow,
Riches and want, health, pain, sweet smiles and tears ;
Though calm to-day, yet thou canst bid to-morrow
Destroy the balance of our hopes and fears.

For some who pledged thy birth in glad libations
Thou bear'st the Seer's sad scroll, unfolding slow ;
Within, without, are written lamentations,
Sorrow and sighing, mournings deep, and woe.

And some who meet thee now with tears and sadness
No joy foreseeing in the future years,
Thou shalt refresh with such pure founts of gladness
That they shall marvel at their vanish'd fears.

And thou hast heard some clear young voices singing
Welcomes to thee, and happy years in store,
Yet thou wilt lay them down where flowers are springing,
In perfect rest till time shall be no more.

O Thou whose mighty will alike ordaineth
A tottering empire's or a sparrow's fall,
This truth Thine own unchanging word proclaimeth,—
Thou orderest all our way, whate'er befall.

We ask not if our path shall glad or grieve us,
If storms shall darken, or bright sunbeams play ;
We only ask that Thou wilt never leave us,
Thou Pioneer and Guardian of our way.

Farewell to our Visitors.

Addressed to Miss L. E. MILNE, 1872.

As swiftly speeds the laden train,
And 'Homeward !' is the cry,
May pleasant thoughts with you remain
Of sunny hours gone by.

And though at times the frequent showers
Have marr'd the summer day,
Yet clouds will share the brightest hours,—
'It is not always May.'

Not always o'er the glistening deep
The silvery moonbeams lie,
Not always shafts of sunlight sweep
Across the glowing sky.

Yet still, in spite of cloud and showers,
Well pleased may you retrace
By memory's aid, in future hours,
Your visit to this place.

Recalling oft with pleasure new
Your wanderings o'er the hill,
Or in green pathways bright with dew,
By some fern-cradled rill.

Or pic-nic on the green hill-side,
Where, borne on wandering breeze,
Came murmur of the rippling tide,
And whisperings of the trees.

We trust on many a pallid cheek
The roses may re-bloom,
That truant health you came to seek
May smile on you at home.

Farewell to you,—we too must say
To brighter hours, ‘Good-bye :’
The glory of the summer day
Has faded from the sky ;

Gone its glad sunshine and its flowers,
Its woodland music sweet,
Soon o'er bare fields and leafless bowers
The wintry storm will beat.

But till spring flowers uplift their gaze,
Released from winter's thrall,
May memories sweet of sun-bright days
Make glad the hearts of all.

2

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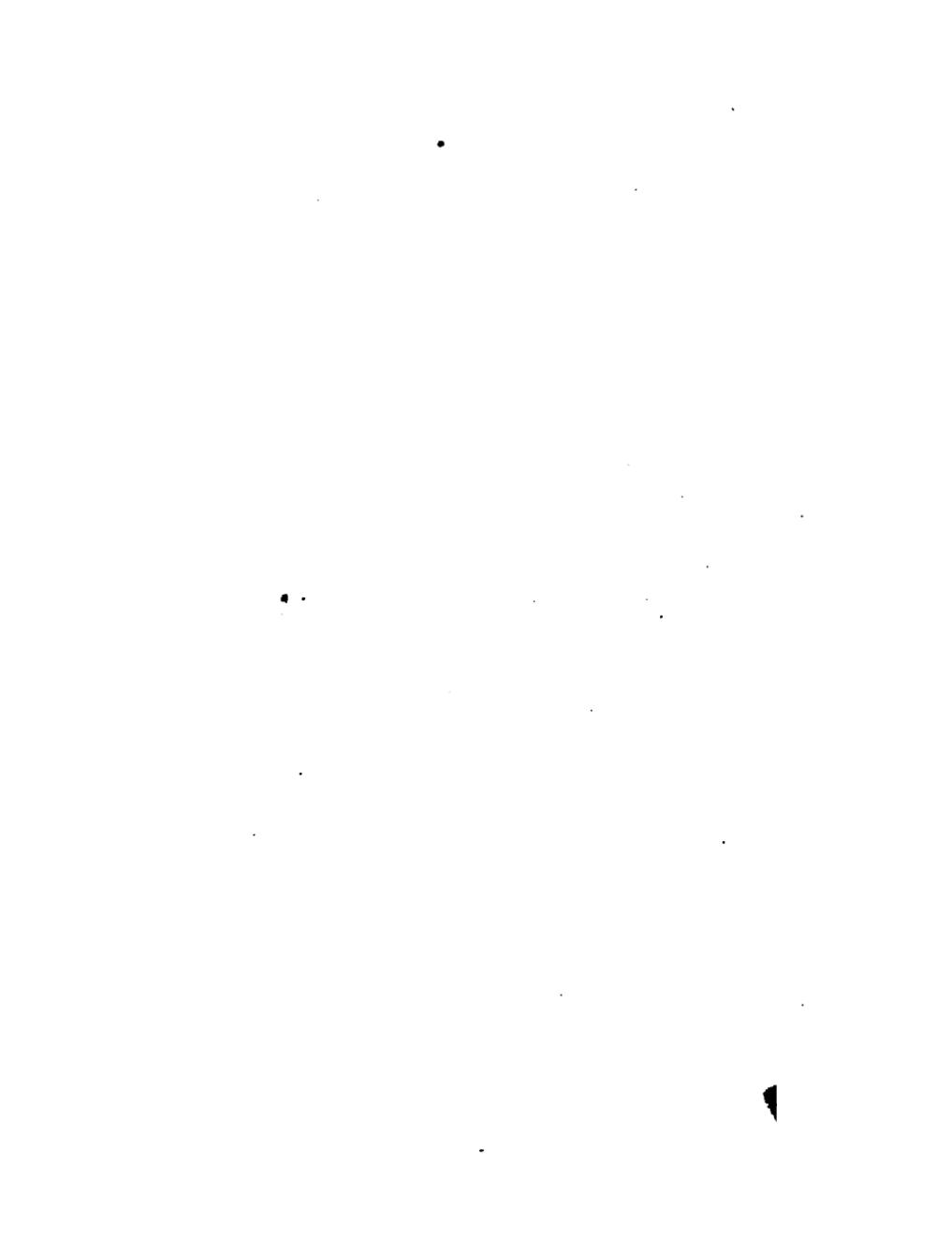
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